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Verses of Love AND Appreciation

ELOISE COOPER FOWLER

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Verses of Love, Faith and Appreciation

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of
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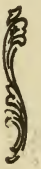
By
ELOISE COOPER FOWLER.



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DEDICATED TO

My Angel-Mother,—whose loving spirit has hovered near me and helped and inspired me in my work.

Before passing on, she prophesied that America would be brought into the now world-war, and ever prayed that our President would be strengthened by trust in God. And I feel that she has taken her prayers before the throne of God.

She loved her country well, and I feel that in some of the verses I have written I have fulfilled her desire—and God's.

PRAYER BELLS ARE CALLING

Hark to the sound!
There's a call to us all!
As ring the prayer bells
At noon and at night:
Hark to the sound!
Let hammer and broom fall!
Haste to answer the appeal of the bells,
E'er the dedicated time takes flight.

Hark to the sound!
The bells calling to prayer!
Calling to all to pray with unstinting ration
For victory and peace in God's good time:
Hark to the sound!
Pray for our soldiers Over There;
For our President and for our nation,
And pray that Hun cruelty shall cease and Kaiseric crime.

A PRAYER LETTER

My angel-mother, you can look down and see
Satan's archangel on this earth stalking;
You can his devilish imps see
On this land of our birth walking,
Doing the archangel's death-dealing will,
Obeying him with science, with skill.
You can see our country is, so to speak, a honeycomb;
The spaces are filled by the archangel's imps,
Who are paid by him to sting our country with many a bomb—
The treacherous, mean, hateful pimps!
Our country! that perhaps gave them birth,
That welcomed them on our loved earth,
That long did them nourish,
Whose people have greatly helped them,
Have been their friends, have even loved them,
And have seen them flourish
With no jealous eye—
Without a thought they'd treachery try;
Have watched them gather in the honey
Without a pang, without even a "go-hang."

Without a thought they were Germans whose money
Made here, in America, would go to the old country
To be banked and later would cross the main
Once more—back here to be used against the land
In whose bosom they had so safely lain.
Protected by America's laws, shielded by her great hand,
They were from aught that would them harm;
But they forgot all her benefits when Kaiser W. gave his alarm.
He bade them form a society
Whose members were to spy out the land
That had made them rich, had given them such a glad hand.

My angel-mother, loving only Germany,
And Satan's archangel, their Kaiser,
The members of this society
Have indeed made him wiser
As to a number of things—
Things we would have kept from such a devil.

But you can see (you who hover with angel wings
Over me) that some imps have been caught and kept from further evil,
And have been punished; others have been punished, too,
(As of course they should be who would to death our country woo),
For intent to blow up factories, bridges, to destroy wheat,
Wheat that is so needed by those who do not live to eat,
But who live to serve our country—
Some who live to die for her dear sake.
Oh, I pray that you who are near Jesus, so dear,
Will ask Him with God, intercession to make
That He will ever guide and help and keep
The men who run such great risks, but who know not fear—
Our United States Secret Service men! the many tomes
One could write about them, if that one knew all!
How watchful our Secret Service men must be of the devil-gnomes

That fly to the archangel's imps to tell them all
They ferret out about certain transports, even learn when they will sail!
The imps tell brother-imps when to be ready to blow a transport up;
And when the brother-imps are successful how bitter is the cup
Those devils give many women, to drink—who are left to wail
For their men-folks, their dear men-folks; their brothers,
Their husbands, their sons, their lovers,—
Who are in this world forever lost to them.
How the devil-imps work! How they toil!
To make some of these women wish they had never been mothers!
Some of the men sink to a watery grave,
Some are found and buried in foreign soil,
Where their women-folks cannot go as to do they so crave.
May God comfort them.

Dear angel-mother, I pray that Jesus will intercession make,

With His Father, that our brave Secret
Service men may henceforth ever ap-
prehend in time
Those who dare commit against man-
kind any terrible crime:
(One of the worst is to blow up a hospital
ship,
And they delight in pieces one to rip);
The devils who work against our country—
all
Who would harm her. They work
against our allied countries, too,
Whose soldiers (as do ours) stand at arms
to fight, and some to fall,
For our sake as well as their own, who
true
To one and true to all, do fight
For home and country, freedom and
democracy, for the Right.
Satan's archangel makes his soldiers fight
against the good things
We, and allies, fight for: How treacher-
ously his soldiers fight!
How loud with cheers his carrying voice
rings
Out when his soldiers a small victory
gain
Over our dear good soldiers fighting for
the RIGHT!—

On whom death-dealing shrapnel falls
like rain,
Who bravely die when die they must
Looking to God in whom they trust,
Knowing that others will CARRY ON; will win
At last, the great decisive victory over
Kaiseric sin.

A TOAST

Here's to our Secret Service men: Long
lives to them!
Here's to our allies' Secret Service men:
Long lives to them!
All are of like caliber, I ween, true steel,
Can't be bribed nor brow-beaten, but for
woe for weal
Throw heart and mind into their great
work;
Work that perhaps is a mystery to many
who lurk
In mind on the outside of things in under-
standing all

Our country is up against, though glad she threw off the thrall
Of evil advisers who sought but to gain her side
To cut into our political party an entrance wide—
For Germany's good and our undoing—
Who ever secretly went about Hun-wooing,
And who were caught by our Secret Service men so true,
And by our government sent back to Germany looking so blue!

Our Secret Service men will guarantee those Hun-wooers never will get back
To our dear country—they who cried: "Alas and alack!
We poor simps indeed met our match
In United States Secret Service men, and we'll lift the latch
Of America's Open Door never again. Never again
Can we taste of her hospitality! Ever strain, ever strain
As we may she will never again believe us,
She will never again receive us;
And we're almost sorry for our ill-deeds,

For though we've gained prestige in Germany, we're more hateful than stinkweeds*
To our former friends in America, whom we did quite love,
And who liked us, though they scorn us now and feel quite above
Us. Yes, we know that even the poorest American patriots born
Hate us, and would spit upon us in their scorn."

Here's to our Secret Service men: Long lives to them!
Here's to our allies' Secret Service men: Long lives to them!
Here's to their sweethearts: Long lives to them!
Here's to their mothers: Long lives to them!
Here's to their wives: Long lives to them!
Drink to their women-folks because these women, from worry, lose their sleep,
And from their weary eyes troubled tears they weep;
Their men-folks' positions are to them a mystery . . .
But it would never do for them to know Secret Service secrets. History
Might read differently if they did!—

So all Secret Service secrets must be kept hid;
And let us pray, while we drink,
That these women may never think
Their men may be doing wrong. May a God-given light
Shine into their minds, encouraging with its sight,
Making them believe that all is well, and right.

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* Perhaps I malign "stink-weeds." There is surely some good in them—they when prepared for (and bound on) a sprain help greatly to cure it.

A SABBATH MORNING IN SUMMER OF 1918

Never had I seen such a lovely Sabbath morning! and I believe
My soul, while thrilling, was waiting to receive
A message from its Maker that would help to retrieve

A world at war! Oh, but 'twas hard to feel
The world was at war! and I had to think
a great deal
Before I could say there was in it any weal.
One great thing I knew it had done—
It had made many better; nearly everyone
Finer, because of the need to sacrifice
For the benefit of others, of the need of true
service.
And most of the world had been made over
almost in a trice! . . .

A gentle, but cool and delightful breeze
Fanned into motion the bright green leaves
Of all the oak and orchard trees,
And made them whisper, in counsel wise,
Of things of which I could only surmise,
But as to understand one ever tries,
I tried, and I thought they whispered of
rain—
Not once but again and again,
And the thought brought to my heart—not
pain—
Joy; for rain was needed that very day,
And for it we had felt we must pray—
That during waking hours our beseeching
voices should not stay.

Bees buzzed happily, in labor golden,
among the flowers
Not to them was it given to know as to
hearts of ours
That rain was sorely needed for our oat
crop,
Which must not fail that more wheat, to
help soldiers go Over the Top.
Could be sent OVER THERE—where in
battle our soldiers (and allies)
couldn't stop . . .
For the Huns must be defeated . . .
How welcome would be the first
rain-drop!
Telling of more and more
Raindrops to follow, and more and more,
That would be more welcome than any had
ever been before.
For America was slated to feed the world.
Except the enemy part that had hurled
Nearly every Christian nation into war,
caused their flags to be unfurled
On gruesome, bloody battlefields,
That once were green or golden with
harvest yields.

Butterflies flaunted their yellow, brown,
black and white beauty

Under God's deep bue sky, and they spoke of the duty
Of the caterpillar, which, if it leaves its cocoon
Before its time,—too soon—
Develops no flying soul, with beauty to inspire a rune
But exists as a crippled insect wandering in pain
Longing, ever longing, for a soul in vain.
Will "Kaiser W." be like that insect? No; for he has a soul that for all the slain
Of the world-war will have to account: On him lies all the blame!
Ah, what a stain upon his name!

Male birds trilled happily, each to his mate;
They held counsel, too, to determine the training of their sedate
Young! 'Twould not do to put off that training till too late!
Neither will it do to put off the training
Of human young too long, within their souls engraining
Truth and honesty; upon their minds raining
Words of splendid counsel, words of faith in God,

To Whom should thanks be given for sustenance from the sod—
To Whom we should ever pray, at dawn and before at night we nod.

Children tripped along the country street
On their way to Sunday School, to meet
In the classroom, and their teachers to greet.
Their faces so bright and shining!
The girls' souls in innocence inclining
Toward the opposite sex; but not like vines entwining
As the souls of the lover and his sweetheart, on their way (not with the rest)
From church to look at their newly finished nest,
(Whose souls that night the parson did make one,
After his preaching was over and praying done.)

With a wireless 'phone to my ear, I heard the parson of the church upon the hill
Preach his morning sermon telling of God's Will.
And he spoke of the war waging still.

I felt I was in the church and I realized, indeed,
That the world is at war, and the need
To pray for our soldiers and our allies' who for us bleed,
Was brought home to me with force;
Praying for rain was a secondary matter. My mind did endorse
All that the preacher said. . . .
God would see that our world was fed,
Because (and even on that Sabbath Day) our soldiers were fighting,
The wrongs of others righting,
The Christ's Holy Sword were sighting
And to the children the preacher counsel did give
That in their memories long will live.

I turned again to the scene outside, not fully sensing
The beauty about me; my thoughts tensing
On only the world at war; my spirit wrenching
Away at its ties, longing to be Over There,
Longing with agonized longing to help—not here where
Duty for such as I lies, but there in the wear and tear

Of war. I had to school myself severely
To bring into submission my rebellious heart—for merely
To say to myself you are doing your best here wasn't enough. Drear'ly
My spirits slumped. A robin called "Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"
To me.. His chirping irritated me. "Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"
I mocked him. . . . Then I heard a pe-wee poignantly calling "Phoe be, Phoe be, Phoe be, Phoe be, Phoe E be,"
And I knew why I felt so sad that even the tit mice's "chickadee chickadee,"
Could not rouse my drooping spirits
Nay, I felt I could hardly bear its
Cheerfulness, though I admired it for its zeal;
For it no woe existed, only weal. . . .

Oh, the irony of it! though rain was surely coming
Just as surely as soldier-bands were drumming,
And I should rejoice in answered prayer,
I was depressed! Because the sun seemed not anywhere

That through the morning shone with bare-
Faced joy upon the land, or in benediction
Wise, and knowing that soon he'd hide, in friction
With the elements. Oh, I questioned (Yet I knew) why?
Why? Why? And yet again—why?

Such is the effect of cloudy weather upon one's spirits, let one's will try
As hard as it may it won't conquer till, by and by,
The sun shines again upon the land:
My will took my spirit severely in hand,
And caused me to thank God
For His sure promise of rain upon the dry sod.
But my depression remained, and my sad
Thoughts were OVER THERE. Yet when rain came I was glad.
I thought: If it is raining OVER THERE,
It may be helping our soldiers (by hindering the Boche). Oh, answered Prayer!
That brought the reviving rain!
That saved the oats—the king-grain!
Oh, beneficent sun, when in joy it shone again!

Oh, when the sun shines upon a world at peace,
To our spirits will come such glad release,
To our hearts such joy they'll almost cease
To beat! May God help us to bear our future joy
As well as our present sorrow, nor the alloy
Of his chastening entirely withold—for we'll need it to temper our joy.
And let us pray that we will never slight Him again,
As we did before war brought the unforgettable pain
To our souls. He will ever reign
The same High Judiciary Power: Godhead!
Judging the quick and the dead,
Loving not best those who believe in MIGHT—instead
Loving best those who believe in RIGHT.

NIL DESPERANDUM (NEVER DESPAIR)

Never despair! though often sad and dreary!
Never despair! though often more than weary
In well doing, in good deeds;
For you will find help for all your needs
If you seek it from on High:
God is there watching over you; By
His Power alone can comfort come:
He watches over the birds and hears the bees hum.
Think you He will ever forget man—
His especial care since time began?

Of course not, you answer: Then never despair!
For many despairings are to your Father as the blare
Of trumpets to sore ears;
But He is glad when alleluias He hears,
So turn your words of despair—before their uttering—

Into alleluias. Cease your muttering
Over hard times, and (apparently) harder
hearts;
Make your armor impervious to suspicious
darts.
Say and believe there is good in every mind,
And if you search for it, it you'll surely find.

Nil Desperandum (never despair)!
Even so little a thing as dull care
Never was removed that way,
Nor will it be on any coming day!
Despair hurts heart, nerves and mind,
So be cheerful, however hard to be; you'll
find
It'll pay. Never despair! never lose faith
in God;
His far-reaching, chastening rod
Is laid upon those He loves most,
And He will never desert His Post.

Nil Desperandum (never despair)! is this
1918 year
Particularly applicable. We need cheer
Now as we never needed it before,
And we'll need it more and more;
For we are at war. . . .
Don't let despair be a bar
To our winning it;

Add to your ALL and your Bit
By knocking out "giant despair" with the
bomb of cheer:
Make the bomb full of smiles and scatter
them far and near.

'Let your cheer go deep into soul and
heart!
Let a good, smiling, invigorating part
Emanate to others.—Let it go forth
To them to prove your true worth!
Nil Desperandum (never despair)!
Be cheerful!—a smile ever wear!
Cast off the "long, solemn face"—
Such before God or man will not find grace!
God likes the beautiful, heroic smile,
And before man, too, 'tis well worth while.

TO AMERICAN WOMEN

From the men who have their life-blood
bled
For you, and for whom you in return have
shed
Mournful tears of anguish, sorrowing tears
of pain,

There's a trumpet call comes again,
That if you would once more go singing
You must heed this call ringing,—
Rinigng loudly, clearly: Buy Liberty Bonds.
Buy; then just as free as graceful fronds,
In breezes waving, on the wild fern tree
You will, before long, forever and forever be.

Freedom, rare spiritual flame, bids you rise
And wipe the sad, sad tears from your eyes.
Freedom bids you heart's-ease gain
By saving, and saving,—both alone and in twain
With another you have persuaded to find
That by saving, and saving, her heart and mind
Is eased; and that the future looks better, too;
And she can one day go singing with you,
And be as free as any frond on the wild-fern tree,
Because she's saved for a Bond for Dear Liberty.

Perhaps a sister-woman would like to buy
A house; she can, in time, if she will try
Hard to save for Liberty Bonds so precious;

And it's according to how much she saves
how spacious,
How large, her house will be: That is, it's
according
To how many Bonds she signs up for
today.
It's exciting, indeed to some—this hoarding
Of change, that used to go one hardly
knows where, so one can pay,
On the installment plan, for a Bond or two,
or even three Bonds.
A woman "handling" a $1,500.00 income
can, by using fairy wands
Of Economics pay for at least five One
Hundred dollar ones in one year,
If a woman who has hardly any income can
pay for one. Peer
Among savers each American Woman
should try to be,
So she can help her country and herself by
buying Bonds of Liberty.

How unpatriotic it looks, how it makes it
start the tear
Of vexation! that there's many a woman
who holds her husband dear,
And wants to make a real home for him and
herself,

Who won't let him (and won't herself) sign
for even one Bond! On an unused
shelf
She places Liberty Bond literature, and for-
gets it.
She says, defiantly, that he and she have
done their "Bit"
By knitting for the Red Cross, by joining it
last year,
By the few dollars they have given to it this
year.
Do the women who do only their "Bit" not
love their country?
It looks as if they do not, however, it may
really be.
They had better sign now, for it doesn't pay
to be wary
On the Liberty Bond deal; for wariness
hurts only
The ones wary. They had better sign now
for all they can carry,
On the installment plan. Why! they can use
the money
They now use for candy, sodas and cakes
that taste like honey;
They don't need these luxuries, three,
Nor rich puddings and heavy meats—they
can cut out these "eats;"

They should show they're patriotic by buying Bonds of Liberty.

If you and you and you (every you) don't
buy Bonds of Liberty,
The Kaiser (The Beast) may rule this land
so dear, so free,
And your passion for freedom be constrained—
You and yours forever and ever be trained
To repress all free speech from Right
thinking,
And all your dear liberties be but memories
yes, unwinking
The Kaiser may stare into your eyes as if
he'd like to shrivel your soul;
His heart is harder than hardened Pharaoh's
of old. Oh, remember Toul!
(Many a woman's best loved one was there.)
How brave were our good soldiers!
How treacherous the Boches! (The
Boches ill-deserve the name of soldiers.)
So long as there is a peopled world, and
read is history,
It will be told how the Boche fought at
Toul, and elsewhere, treacherously.

Oh, lover of Freedom! if you would keep
free,
Buy another Bond for Sweet Liberty!

You don't want to be ruled as Germany's
ruled today,
There the vote of the Kaiser is supreme—
he says obey,
And preachers preach as he says preach.
The to-be-obeyed voice of this Satanic
Majesty doth reach
Professors, and as he commands they pre-
sent and propound,
And it reaches editors and tells them what
note to sound.
This mad Kaiser is the state in Germany—
the State!
He even tells the citizen to take a second
mate!
Ye Gods . . . ! a man must support two
wives
And their children—dependent on one man
mayhap twenty lives!
That is, if he rceognizes the dependency
And does not force wives to his supporting;
But in Germany certain men are upheld
In laziness and do only the courting
Such men's strength, it seems,

Must be saved to help out the Kaiser.
O! Women of America, do you not want
To make these German women wiser?
You and yours will buy America's Liberty
Bonds,
Rather than (perhaps) be held in Germany's
Slavish Bonds.

You know the Kaiser and his wolfhuns like
blood pudding, and if they use the oil
Refined from body-fat of slain soldiers,
they'll probably boil
The blood of murdered (by them) Ameri-
cans—if they get a chance,
Now that pigs are scarce. You know what
he ordered done in France
And in Belgium? Yes. Well, he's said,
and maybe you know
That he's said, he'll do worse in America:
That blow,
That terrible (possible) devastation, de-
spoilation, asphyxiation,
Outraging of girls and women—their cruci-
fixion,
You can prevent if you'll heed the trumpet
calling
To buy Liberty Bonds,—you can keep
America from the Kaiser's mauling.

You and you and you (every you)
Buy; to yourselves be true.

No, you don't want the Kaiser to rule
In America; every American will be like a mule
And kick away each Kaiser-bought-body-and-soul man
To Kingdom come—before he gets a chance on our own lan'
To set a profaning foot. As sure as sets the sun,
The shameless, frightful, mad-beast look of a Hun
Is enough; it makes one's blood to curdle,
And you don't want to have to jump the hurdle
For his sport; and then crucified be,
(While he laughs in glee
At your agony.)
You won't so suffer if you'll buy Bonds of Liberty.

Do you realize that, like huddled sheep before their slaughter,
The women of France, Poland and Belgium (How dear every daughter!)

Have felt the cruel hand of the raping Hun?
Every rising and every setting sun
Has rose and set on their despair;
For the Hun! the Hun! he left his lair!
The Kaiser routed him out, we know,
But the Hun was willing—yes, glad to go;
For he'd been trained for that purpose, and made proud and ever
Looked upon his poor civilian brother with a sneer—and never
Gave him a helping hand, (even tried to push him into the gutter)
He felt so superior, the soldier-Hun; now the poor civilian provides his bread and butter. .

The civilian eats bread made mostly of sawdust,
While the soldier-Hun goes satisfying his blood lust,
The civilian doesn't quite understand
What the soldier-Hun is fighting for, the Kaiser says land,
Land that will the crowded civilian help—
If the civilan needs land, in Germany,
It can be bought by other means than war, less dearly.

But the soldier-Hun is looking for his own
reward; hear him yelp
As he goes pillaging. . . . We will his
victims help—
And he won't get land this time,
Because the unholy war he's fighting is a
crime
Against all that God-fearing people hold
sacred—against humanity·
And because Americans are backing up
their soldiers by buying Bonds of
Liberty.
It may seem as if he had got some coveted
land,
With Belgium occupied and Serbia stolen,
and
A part of Russia stolen also—(poor Russia,
revolution-torn;
It seems as if pity for her should be in
the heart of the hardest hearted man
ever born),
But American soldiers will help recover
these lands, if backed by you
And will keep America free, free to wave
the Red, White and Blue..

How the ruin in Belgium, the massacres in
Armenia, tears the heart—

And poor Syria and Serbia, and Northern
Italy, and France in part,
So woefully hurt! It not only tears the
heart, but makes the weakest long to
fight—
To fight the Hun. Poland was gone over
seven times. Can such war be right?
No! And think of the raping of women
in each country done!
Five hundred thousand Polish girls rue the
day they first saw the evil-minded
Hun—
The beastly, lustful, German Hun—
That in form of soldiers, while laughing,
made them run;
Then caught them and spoiled them, and
made them wander
Up and down their stricken land in bewil-
dered horror. . . . They did
ponder
Over and over the past: What had they
ever done such a fate
To deserve? Such agony theirs! They
feel spoiled for a true mate.
God gave them hope to struggle on. Hope!
The Huns had taken both honor and food.
Is it beyond the scope

Of your understanding how the despairing
daughters
Of Poland, as they wandered, on roots sub-
sisted then?—and for drink bitter
waters?
It is not. And you'll buy another Bond
for Loved Liberty,
One more than you thought you could buy,
Lest our own America stricken be.
Oh you can do it if you try!

It is not. You do understand, and for
stricken Poland you feel,—
As well as for ruined Belgium, decimated
France, and all countries the heel
Of the Beast has ground down. How you
hate it!—
You who always feel for oppressed human-
ity. And you'll no longer do just
your bit—
You'll do your all, so it can't grind them
down again
At some future time, after friendly nations
may have sent (almost) like rain
Money to help relieve them, and their lands
restore,
To a beauty almost as blooming as
before,

And so it can't grind down your own dear
nation;
Yes, you'll do your all, and help save your
sisters and yourself from spoilation.
And that your children and children's chil-
dren may always be
Americans, you'll buy them a Bond of
Loved Liberty.

You'll buy Bonds of Liberty; you'll buy
them now,
Each one bought makes the Kaiser wince
and cry 'Wow"!
Though he pretends he doesn't much care,
He really gets a great, big scare
Every time America a successful Liberty
Loan doth float,
Because it tells him all Americans sail in
the same boat.
And he knows that when a nation's people—
like loyal brother to loyal brother—
Stand loyally by their President, and by
one another,
That nation will win any just war her sol-
diers fight—
Fight for Liberty, for Peace, for Democ-
racy, for the Right.

(You will do your loyal bes')
To make this Liberty Loan a grand success.)

Some say the Hun is what the Kaiser has made him.
We know that he, the Kaiser, has turned his soldiers—and all for a whim
For world-power—into beasts to prowl like wolves upon human prey,
To do everything bad their mad master to obey;
And we blame him most, but can find for the Hun no excuse.
There's no one has the right to order such abuse
Of innocent children and virtuous women, of old men, feeble and gray,
As the Kaiser has upheld the Hun in. No! to obey suits the Hun, I say.
And they who pity none must no pity receive. We must not even stop to pray for the soul of the Hun;
For we're in this war to win it—it must be won,
For we're in this war to win it—and it will be won,
If you buy Liberty Bonds; each one bought is as good as a gun.

A SOLDIER OF THE SOIL TURNED INTO A SOLDIER OF BLOOD

I was a good soldier of the soil,
I made myself used to constant toil,
I wanted to help the war to win—
Not to save my own tough skin.
I planted a whole square mile of wheat,
Because it would (in time) make bread for soldiers to eat.
I worked and worked with all my might,
And in due time was rewarded by the loveliest sight
I ever had seen in all my life.
Exultantly I cried: This will help in the strife
In starving, fighting lands! Oh, I was glad!
Then came the drought, and I was nearly mad
Before it ended. . . . But end it did,
And a great wheat dealer offered me a bid
Which I accepted gladly—and thanked God again and again
That He had answered my prayer for rain.

I was there in my great wheat field
When the rain came, and I thought not of shield
From its downpouring because I was warm
In spirit. . . . I stretched out my strong right arm
With cupped hand and gathered in many a rain-drop
And kissed them, and again prayed for the rain not to stop
Till a-plenty had fallen—not forgetting
To say: Dear God, not my will but Thine, for further wetting,
Be done. . . .
And I was a happy youth (almost a man—
I'll soon be twenty-one),
Before harvesting in many sections began.
My wheat was later than that of many,
Because for a time it had had of rain-fall hardly any—
Till the deluge (as it were) came to atone
For the time my wheat was left dry (and I to groan).

But my day to harvest came at last,
And I forgot the hard-waiting past.
But just—just—just at harvest time
There came a fire—'twas someone's terrible crime. . . .

I went out just before day was dawning,
With my mower and men, one morning,
And before we reached the edge of the great field
Dawn came—and I saw my bounteous yield
Of life-giving-wheat (so I had called it) in ashes laid:
I cursed then, and would not be stay'd
From cursing by my hired men;
I (I am sorry to say it) I cursed God, and then
Fell upon the ashes of my dead hopes.
When I came to my senses I was tied with ropes.
It seems I had no sooner fallen than I sprang up and upon my men crying out:
They were Germans (one was) and should die. . . . It was a fearful bout.
They afterward said, and said, too, I seemed the strength of seven men
To have, and hurt them sorely while it lasted; then
I was weaker'n a cat, and a doctor put me to sleep. . . .
When I awoke, I went out to my field of ashes to weep.

I mourned for the lost beautiful wheat
I had hoped would know the heat
Of soldiers' across-the-sea camp ovens, when ground
Into flour; and now 'tis but a mound
Of ashes. . . . And I thought of how I had stood waiting
(And not alone — another shared my waiting),
While gazing upon my wheat and praying rain would fall;
And of how the drought had hurt its beauty, and of all
It meant to my dear ones and self as well
As to soldiers: It meant, I must tell
You, not only bread for soldiers, but it was keeping the fear
From my dear ones of being driven forth from our home so dear.
A mortgage on it our farm long had had;
The wheat meant our salvation. . . . That I went mad
For a while is it any wonder to you?—
And it meant I could go to war, across the blue
Wide sea, where my heart had long
Been. . . . It seemed I heard, as I mourned; the dong,
Dong, dong of tolling bells;

And it was true, and the yells
Of my sweet, little sister and wee, baby brother
Smote upon my ears: They (and I) had lost a mother.

The cruel disappointment made my mother sick; and then
There came to take possession of our home the men
To whom it had come to belong because of all I lost:
Together the blows killed my (recently) widowed mother. And such a cost
To me (and mine) the Kaiser and his bought men laugh at.
He ordered my wheat to be burned; I knew that
When I fell upon my hired men, thinking them Germans. . . .
More, too, my wheat meant. I was expecting to marry—the banns
Had been read. . . . That other who had shared my waiting for rain—my sweetheart—
Was to be my "soldier-bride." Now how can I from her part!

We've been comrades almost ever since we
were babies, hardly ever alone,
(Now we're old enough to have a baby of
our own).

If only the wheat had been spared,
I and the dear, dear one, who so gladly
shared
All my anxieties, could have married soon,
And I could have gone to war this June,
Leaving my wife and mother well-fixed till
my time of returning
To them—and to a son, perhaps, added to
still my yearning
For a son of my own to help carry on one
day
As a soldier of the soil: For that I did pray.
If the wheat had been harvested and the
mortgage paid,
My sweetheart would now be my wife and
around me would be laid
Her dear arms in parting for me to go to
war: That I could stand; but here
To live and not to possess her is hard; she
is so dear,
And lovely and good. . . . But I have
now not a thing
To offer her (except love) who would to me
bring

So much. . . . I'll remember her best
as she stood with me that noon,
Before the rain came we'd prayed for to
come soon;
There in my field we together watched the
rippling breeze-made waves make
Shadows play o'er the beautiful, golden
wheat-lake,
And the light breeze bent the heads of
bearded grain
And whispered with gadness to it of rain:
A whisper my sweetheart and I heard, too.
Rain was coming! Precious rain! At its
first drops so few,
My sweetheart stayed by my side; but the
wind blew
Harder and harder, and thunder roared and
crashed,
So she kissed me, for rejoicing, and ran, as
lightning flashed,

To shelter. My sweetheart is afraid of
lightning, and of thunder,
And that has made me, sometimes wonder,
For I really enjoy it—or I did
Before the Kaiser-bought-fiends, bid
By him, destroyed all enjoyment in my
life. . . .

But I'll show them! I'll enter the war-
strife,
Over There! Yes, I'm going to war, to fight
The d—n Huns, to help slay cruel Might!
I'll put my orphaned brother and sister
Out—in some good, childless woman's
home—let their tears blister
As they will my heart. For I've got to go;
That anyone should see. I must show
Those wicked Germans they'll yet pay
For the crime that took every ray
Of sunshine from my life! Oh, how can
men so slay?
I ask of God—How can they?

RETALIATION? NO!

(Told to Eloise Cooper Fowler by a French Soldier.)

They talk of revenge, of retaliation,
On the wives and children of the German
nation
For the murder of our dear ones
By the damned marauding Huns.
But revenge cannot thus be taken, I know;

For I stood with arm up-raised for the
avenging blow,
On a German wife and her children three,
And my aim was well-taken, but ah, me!
Something paralyzed my strong right arm
And I could not do them harm.
Insistent voices within me said:
Not thus can you avenge your dead,
But on their heads heap coals of fire
And gone will be your revengeful desire.

It proved to be so—
And now you want to know
If 'tis to be so
With every would-be-avenging blow,
How can we make the German nation pay
For the murder of our loved the Huns did
slay?
In another manner it must surely be
Than that our first mad thoughts would
take, I plainly see.
But how?—Well I wis
That it must be like this:
In battle, in sight of other men 'tis willed
Each man who's had wife and children of
his killed
Shall seek the murderer of his own;
The murderer, and he alone,

Is the one to pay
For the lives he took away.

The defenceless wife and children of the Hun
Must not be killed nor made to run
That we revenge may take
For our dead, dear ones' sake.
Those dear ones would not have it so;
If possible, from the grave they would stop the blow;
They would speak, if they could, to say:
Let not the foes' women and children pay
For the crime against us done,
Lest you to Heaven not be won;
On them unsparing heap coals of fire,
That they your ways may admire
And teach others to see what you stand for;
Thus you'll help break up the war
By spreading propaganda truly great
Throughout the Kaiser-deceived German state.

TO AMERICANS

God, who answers prayer, your Father-God,
Will help you save the land your fore-
fathers trod—
Trod in godly fear of Him, in piety;
For He led them to your goodly country
Where they could worship Him in freedom
From persecution, while trying to set up
His Kingdom
On earth, and He will not let it be taken
from you,
Because it's your inheritance from them and
in worshipping Him you are true
To them. And He likes the way you pray,
and the way you fast
From meat and wheat; in prayer and fast
you think of yourselves last.

You pray for shell-torn France and for
England, too,
Dear kindred lands across the sea so blue,
Also for ruined Belgium and for Alsace-
Lorraine,
They, too, lie far across the main;

You pray, too, for bewildered Russia and
for Serbia,
For Montenegro, massacred Armenia and
for Syria,
Also for ravished, beaten-down Poland,
And God knows you have stretched out a
helping hand
To each land you have prayed for; knows
that all
Have been more or less sorely hurt by the
Kaiser-made-war-ball.

And because God likes what you have done
To help the lands cruelly hurt by the Hun,
He will continue to keep you a favored race;
For He knows that in all you do you ask
of His dispensing grace
To bless your every good deed.
He, who sees each land's every need,
Sanctions this war-against-war you are
waging
Against the wolfish Hun, for that Hun has
gone raging,
Beastly mad, through neutral lands, trying
them to destroy
Utterly (and succeeding), has gone spoil-
ing, slaughtering, pillaging in unholy
joy.

God knows all this was done by the Kaiser's rule,
And He will send that wicked man to repentant school
To con his lessons o'er and o'er, (and he will yet feel the Might
Of God's Hand—he who thinks God could be on the side of aught but Right).
And the Kaiser will learn in repentant school
That God only does really rule.

Yes, that man called his Satanic Majesty
Will yet learn his lessons well.. For his audacity
In claiming a righteous God is on his side
In his war for land and power, he shall ride
In company with Satan—to learn from him with pain
What it means to lose his all in trying more to gain.
Yes, the mad Kaiser will pray in vain
For a leaven of God's Just Wrath. God will punish him;
God will punish that wicked man with great vim.
He (the Kaiser) is a madman, and shall be deprived

Of the power from a wiser man derived;
Kaiser Wilhelm shall yet cover his face in shame,
While he kneels and calls in vain on God's name.
In a vision I saw God and heard Him say it,
And that He, too, would do His Sacred Bit.

Yes, Americans, every nation you've prayed for, for God's mercy,
He has the name of in His Book of Destiny.
But all will be mentioned here, lest you think
God has not noted them; lest you fear they will have to drink
Forever of the bitter cup that's been forced upon them
By the will of a madman whose rage they've tried to stem.
Know that the name of brave Italy, and as brave Scotland,
Is written in that Book by God's Righteous Hand,
As is that of every British possession that is loyal, brave and true,
Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India, too:
All have done their best—all they could,

As have the brave colonies in Africa; He would
Not forget the negro, either, who has proved brave,
For He created both black and white, and the black doth crave
His blessing with as great fervor as any race I know,
And he will continue to the black His favor to show
So long as the black continues meek, to show he's seen the light,
So long as he continues to help fight for the Right.

Japan stands ready to give more help, and God does now trust
Her—because she would never align herself with Germany: Rust
Should eat her sword and gun before she should commit such a blunder.
She was suspicious of America; and is a wary nation, some say no wonder
Considering . . . and that to be suspicious and wary is sometimes well;
That if America had so been of Germany in the beginning who can tell
How much better it might have been for her! Still,

That America was slow to believe the worst
of Germany will
Not be held against her in history. . . .
Japan and Russia should be friends
It would be well for all concerned if each
to each amends
Would make; if forgiveness by each to each
would be given:
They then could indeed help the world war-
riven.
Russia's name, is of course, in God's Book
—poor, stressed nation,
And Japan's is there, too; but if He sees
signs of Japanese aggression,
He will strike it off. . . . Albania, Pal-
estine and Greece are named
In His Book. And you may rest assured
that each country famed
For its stand against Germany will not be
forgotten by Him:
He will keep all true countries from being
forever hurt by the Kaiser's whim.

Portugal is named—she was quick to offer
soldiers, braving
Germany's wrath, Peru, too; both small
but craving

To do all they can; also Chile, Brazil and
Nicaragua, Hayti, Costa Rica and
Guatemala,
And another country doing all she can—
China.
They have taken their stand on the side of
Right.
How easy it is for most countries to see the
Light
In this world-war! Germany has made it
easy by forsaking
Every established war-principle—by making
Her name a by-word of reproach to the rest
of the world. . . .
The bloody crimes of her rulers smell to
Heaven,
Nothing those crimes can leaven!
America! last mentioned, but not least, be-
fore you hurled
Forth your ultimatum and went to war, you
did ask
Of God if it would be right. . . . He
answered: Yes. For he knew it was
but a mask
Of friendship Germany (or the Kaiser) had
ever offered you. . . . You are
brave,
Indeed, for you were not prepared. . . .

The people of your possessions are brave,
Also, and are so eager to help their government that they crave,
Some of them, to give to it their money for war purposes without return;
Why, they even fed their war-stamps to a fire!—glad to see them burn!
Their names are placed high in God's Sacred Book.
(In the vision I saw them: How I love that look!)

Americans! God looks from High Heaven upon you,
Who to your ideals have proved so true,
Who have looked to him for grace,
And asked Him if it were His will that your race
Should wage Just war against Lustful war; and He says I love
Your America, and all the lands you have prayed for, and I no dove
Of untimely peace shall send. No! Continue true to be,
To send your soldiers across the wide sea;
Arm them well to go forth to fight,
To help your allies to battle for the Right;

And He will help them, for His Son Jesus,
Whom He gave to be crucified that all
Who believe in Him may live eternally, has asked His Father to keep the war-ball
From hitting you too sorely; and His Father answered that He would, and that
Kaiser Wilhelm shall learn that God reigns supreme on earth as in Heaven—that
His Power is the One True Power that counts:
And from the high horse Kaiser Wilhelm now mounts
He shall fall, and never rise to make the people of the German nation
Do his mad will; never again keep them under subjugation.

Why has God's Son Jesus interceded for America, for you?
Because you are the nation that has been kindest to the Jew.
Jesus would return good for evil, for unkindness grace.
And though He once was persecuted by the Jewish race,

He forgave them, for "they knew not what
they did."
He knows that His Father, from Whom
nothing is hid,
Foresees the day when the Jewish race will
on His Son believe.
And when Jesus interceded for them that
they might once more Jerusalem
receive
As their own, God listened to Him—that
has been proved—
And will grant all His requests. And the
massed soldiers of England who
moved
To the Holy City to hold it for the Jew,
Who have to their country and allies proved
true,
Shall have their names kept bright in God's
Book of Eternal Life;
And He will continue to help them in their
strife,
So long as they battle for the Right and for
each needy and brave little nation,
To help all who call upon them in deep
tribulation.

Americans! God loves you—brave men and
brave women all—

You who look to Him to bless your every
good deed shall
Continue to receive His Blessing. Your
voices cry loud to Him
To help those stricken by the Kaiser's whim,
For those (How He feels for them), kneel-
ing by tombs;
For the ravished women, whose wombs
Would revolt in abortion if they could (in
time)
Before they would bear children of German-
Lust (of crime).
And He says unto you that blessed is that
daughter
Of France who rid her nation of her child
of this Lust by slaughter.
Other daughters hurt like her would surely
have His sanction
To do likewise, and their names have honor-
able mention
In His Book. God knows it will be a crime
against a Just nation
If its Hun-hurt daughters let their babes of
German-lust-creation
Live to grow up and make of that nation
an illegitimate pro-German race
Who would try to poison every good mind.
They would surely live without grace,

The illegitimate-lust-children of the evil-
minded Hun,
And they must be destroyed when born.—
God, who rules the sun,
Wills it (I heard in my vision) and His
Will must be done.

A RAVISHED ONE: A POLISH COUSIN

All is gone that made worth living my life!
And it is the mad, mad strife
Called war that took from me
All that made my spirit free;
All songs from my lips, all peace from my
mind.
For it was in vain that fast as the poor wild
hind
Running from the pursuing hound,
I ran from the terrible, terrible wound
I had rather I had died than receive. I ran
And ran, and ran and ran and ran. . . .
But he caught me, a German-soldier-devil,
And ravished me: It was the first I knew of
evil.

Before the war my life was peacefully joyous; mild,
And now—full of torment: I am with child—
With child! I am wild, wild, wild,
And my Lover will be wild. . . .
My lover, who, when I saw him off to war,
Little knew that between us would come a bar
Like this. How shall I endure it—how will he
Endure it! How can I ever bear to have him see—
See the me that is not the me he left me!

When we parted, my lover and I, I smiled, though I was sad,
But I thought war glorious then; now I think it Hell. I shall go mad,
Mad—Mad—Mad. . . .
And that devil is glad—glad—glad.
Oh, God! won't you pity me and punish that wicked man-beast
For his crime against me? The least
You can do is to make him feel
In some terrible way how he has made my weal
All woe. . . . I can never see my lover again;
I don't—yes, I do—want to, but it would cause too much pain.

I could not bear to have him see me
As I am now, could not bear that he
Should look upon me with a killed-delight look
On his face, his dear, dear face that I took
In my hands when I looked last into his eyes
And swore to be true—swore that steadfast as the skies
I would be. God! And he will think
I wasn't true. He will scorn me, and the link
That bound us will be broken forever.
Oh! He is lost to me and I to him forever!
It is too, too much—forever.

Dear God! My lover has come!
He has come! He has come! He has come!
I would flee! I would flee! I would hide!
But I can't. . . . My lover has come to my side.
Dear God! He has not turned from me;
He loves me still, though he can see
Our wonderful joy in love has been destroyed;
Lovers' bliss never more to be enjoyed,
Wedded bliss and parenthood never to be.
Oh, the home we had planned for, a child at each knee!

All is gone; and it isn't because of crime of mine.
(The evil deed of that Beast keeps me, my lover, from being thine.)
Now that my lover has heard my awful story,
He will go (I can see it in his eyes) and get for me all gory,
A part of the man-beast! He'll give it to me!
Dear God, (You who see my anguish), I pray Thee,
If this be wrong, forgive me, but I want to see it burn,
Burn slowly, and slowly to ashes turn
(So it can never again inflict a worse-than-death-wound,
Nor for another make of a thousand dear hopes a grave-mound):
I'll laugh again then and be glad.—
(For a minute.) Oh! Oh! Oh! I am mad,
I am mad—mad—mad.

Dear God! My lover is dead. . . .
They brought me the news when first I saw the head
Of that crippled being born to me
Because of the Beast's crime. You see

What it is!—Oh, how I want from sight it
to cover!
Why couldn't it die instead of my lover?
Why must it live to cumber the earth?
Or why couldn't I have died before its birth?
I would gladly have died, but I was too
strong;
And to have taken my life would have been
too wrong,
Though I tried to take it when I was mad.
After, I waited, outwardly calm, for some-
thing to make me glad;
I will never have it: that Beast killed
My lover. Oh, can it be it was willed
From the beginning that all this should be?
And that I shall have to live, and see
Live this diseased brat that I hate,
To have it for company instead of my mate?
If so, I shall go mad again.
Oh, how I hate it! and hate is worse than
pain.
Dear God, please look down and pity me
now,
Put Thy far-reaching Hand on my brow;
For Thou art my only lover now.

TO KAISER WILHELM

Of you, mad man, would-be ruler of the world,
Of you, unworthy Kaiser, I earnestly ask—
What are you thinking of behind the Satanic mask
You wear? You who have in mad desire hurled
The whole world into war?
If the truth were known I believe you know now there's a bar
To your winning. . . . A living bar, mad man,
That you and your soldiers cannot withstand
Long. The American army, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany,
Stands between you and the world-empire you crave;
An army fighting for more than ever was fought for before, as brave
As the Spartans who fought at Thermopylae.. .

Lustful Kaiser, when to your German god
you pray,
Do you ever think of the three hundred
Spartans at bay
At Thermopylae in 480 B. C., who for three
days fought
The mighty Persian army and such annihila-
tion wrought
Among it that twenty thousand (Persians)
perished?
(One was left of the Spartans.) Cherished
Is the memory of those three hundred,
Kaiser,
Think! Each Spartan killed sixty-six
Persians!—think and grow wiser:
For American soldiers being equal to the
Spartans of old,
Then each one can vanquish sixty-six
Germans, however bold.
However bold your German Huns in the
fight,
They cannot conquer for they are not fight-
ing for the Right.

On sea, too, the Spartans were conquerors
brave:
In the battle of Salamis, for instance. You
crave

To rule the deep, also, with your submarine
But British navy men are as brave as Spartans, I ween.
And you'll get chased out of the sea,
Yes you will, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany!
Think, mad Kaiser!
Think, and grow wiser! . . .
Would you and your sons like to be sent to some lone desert isle
To do penance for your crimes the rest of your days?
The world wants you there, so it can once more joyously smile
To think that you would then be kept from keeping the world ablaze.

Yield, now, Kaiser Wilhelm, when yielding is good.
(For you will always be withstood.)
Yield yourself and sons, Prisoners of War;
Don't think your crimes will be a bar
To your being well-treated. Never fear!
You know how well German-prisoners are treated here.
If you yield and order your soldiers to yield,
'Twill be held to your credit; and though not on the battlefield

You gained honor, you will gain in your
yielding
Something that will slightly atone for the
wielding
Of the murderous battle guns
By your German-Huns.

If you don't yield, but keep your heart hard
as stone,
You will one day stand entirely alone:
Even your allies will leave you, Kaiser,
Oh, think and at once be wiser!
Once you were a boy with a pleasant, in-
nocent face!
Oh, Kaiser! Look now on that picture of
you when you thought not of mace
With which to try to club the world into
slavery to you!—
And compare it with the picture of you that
shows all true
Feeling (in you) for humanity is gone.
Is it gone forever, Kaiser? If so,—Dong!
Goes the bell to toll your doom;
Not so pleasant it will be to you as the war
boom

Of your guns,
Quickening your Huns,

I know,
You know;
The world knows,
And God knows.
The world's God, Wilhelm o'er the sea,
Wicked Kaiser of Germany!
Not your German god,
Who owns not the chastening rod
With which the world's God chastens those
he loves best;
And which He will withdraw in His good
time, to give them rest.

Then, Kaiser, beware! for with its with-
drawal
Your knell will be rung! You can then
bawl
For World Power the rest of your life—
In vain. And never again can you in war-
strife
Embroil the world!
You'll be hurled
From your throne!—
To stand all alone.
And to a desert isle you'll go with your sons
To do penance—for your crimes and the
Hun's.
You'll have plenty of time to think there!
Again I, say (the World says), Kaiser,
beware!

"RESISTER SUR PLACE"

("Stick Here Until We Are Dead, Or Fight It Out Where You Are.")

"Stick here until we are dead"
Were the words passed along the line!
Not a man was afraid of German lead!
Each one said: I take the motto for mine!
And so the line was strengthened.
And slowly the afternoon shadows lengthened,
So slowly to the waiting men, eager for the fray,
Eager with tense expectancy to hear the boastful bray
Of many a big German shell,
That to them would tell—
Bombardment has finally begun
By the German Hun.

The clouds pink-edged beauty, caused by the setting sun,
Observed by Frenchmen, American and Hun,

Vanished, and a pale moon shed a ghostly
light
Over the battlefield, where gathered to fight,
Against a murderous might,
Forces strengthened anew by thoughts of
Right.
The moon fled by eleven, by the wrist
watches,
And all was silent and dark, except for
blotches
Of blue-green, transitory lights on the vel-
vet darkness of the sky,
That told where many a soldier had fought
to die—
Was turning back to untimely dust
Because of the German War Lord's Lust.

All was silent! Still, so very still!
Whispering men—soon to go through the
mill
Of battle again—spoke their before-battle-
words, there on the Marne,
Where many a pool, a veritable tarn,
Of blood would be made to boil
On the war-worn, shell-torn soil!
What cared the men when they felt it was
for Right
They would perhaps give their lives that
night!

They did not envy the protected men at
home;
They wanted to be Over There in the
gloam,
For God and their country's right to their
lives
Had called them there—and they would
fight hand to hand with knives
If the need should arise (perhaps they
wanted the chance)
For Home, for Allied Countries, for Sweet-
heart—France!

Each soldier who had a waiting one, seem-
ingly far away,
At home, had written his good-bye that day,
And that night their thoughts had ceased
to go homing,
Their thoughts tensed on only the battle
coming,
For German signals, flashing from com-
manding post to commanding post,
Told them that at last the enemy host
Was nearly ready to begin the fight of the
defensive;
Because of their failure to make untenable
the French positions, abandoning the
offensive.

But how the time still dragged!
It was twelve-five when the crimson flashes
wagged
In the star spangled sky, and the grunting
Of the great German guns, in activity
bunting
Their shells into the air, was faintly borne
To our men in their trenches on the Marne.

At twelve-ten, big shells, high in air, yet
near,
Whining and passing to the rear,
Told us that the bombardment our sector
had reached.
(If Jesus, crucified but living, could have
then appeared and preached
To the German Huns, they would have
mowed him down;
They recognize only a German War God
and Crown.)
The German front reflected violently irreg-
ular waves of light,
From their artillery discharging in fiendish
might!
Trembled the earth and rocked!
The Huns thought their continuous shelling
mocked

The F. and A. forces that had their offensive
defeated!
The F. and A. forces showed them later
how such mockery should be treated!

From Chateau-Thierry on the west
To Main de Massiges on the east
The sixty-mile front extended,
And the guns' shells their way wended
Over the front. Forty miles to Paris was
carried the sound
Of their whining, as they were striving to
wound
And kill all within reach there on the
Marne;
It was a current of favorable air on which
was borne
That sound; for it was not heard at Head-
quarters A-N-C,
In a town not far back on the line of our
soldier-sea,
(Not on the line of the angry sea of des-
perate Huns striving to be a bar
To Liberty and Right), though it was per-
haps the heaviest bombardment of the
war,
There on the Marne that night.

During the four hours of bombardment by
German forces in armament
Not a murderously sent shell struck our
men.
Though the front-line trenches were blown
to pieces then,
In dug-outs and in saps they were protected
well,
But their forced inactivity was to them
more trying than tongue can tell;
For they ached to put the would-be murder-
ers to rout,
Who with shells were rending the ground
them about.
It is well that they did not have to cry alas
or alack,
That they were well fortified against the
German attack;
For after bombardment slackened, they did
lose some men—
Because of failure of some of their plans to
place wire barriers before the boche-
men,
Who impetuously came swarming, our front
lines storming.

"Boche in the trench!" were words excitedly
shouted,
And the fight was on—Germans to be
routed!

In one hour this first German attack
Was repulsed—the Boches driven back!—
Back to their own lines, except those who
hid in our front, by desire,
In deserted dug-outs; some of them were to
be killed later by German attack—
In which they were again to be driven back,
Though for two days and nights on our
reserve positions they fired,—
And on the country in the rear—to demolish
them, they desired;
But they did not demolish them, and we did
not have to call them in,
Many of them the battle watched (under
quickly thrown-up cover) eager—the
knowing—to see who'd win.

Much harder it was to defend this second
attack,
To again drive the murderous Germans
back!
Gun emplacements eleven were in action
this time,
When they came across to continue in crime.
About twenty-five thousand men were by
them sent over in two days,
And twenty-two times they advanced, their
fighting ways

Were savage enough; the roaring of shells
in all directions overhead,
Dropping, some on living, some on dead,
Was deafening. Hot it was, too, as oven
heat; our trenches were holes of Hell;
As filled with smoke and gas as is filled with
water a well.
Perhaps the driving heat made our troops
fight the fiercer.—Land!
When the Germans in our main lines got,
our soldiers (Americans) fought them
hand to hand!

When the Germans found they could not
break through the troops—American,
And down march to dear old historic
Chalons,
It was the end of Tuesday, a day for them,
a rue's day;
Had come the hour they had set to arrive
there, the city to be manning,
Finding them where they had been when
planning!
On both Monday and Tuesday, German
birdmen, over the battlefield flying,
Sent machine-gun bullets into our trenches
—sometimes hitting their own men,
living or dying—

But they had to keep a lookout, wary, above
and below them,
For our own birdmen, swooping down, battle to give them;
To make more than one pay for his daring, to avenge the death,
Of comrades in arms before those comrades of life fell bereft.

Ceased on Tuesday the artillery bombardment and the fights,
But on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights
Over our lines, and over Chalons, German aeroplanes flew,
Dropping large bombs of destruction, not a few. . . .
Interesting it is to know that while American troops
Fought back the savage German troops,
The inhabitants of Chalons sought refuge
In the city's wine caves huge,
Which sheltered half a hundred thousand and a few more,
Who their beloved city rightfully adore.
The Germans coveted it—and were cocksure of having it for their own,
To hold forever and its people to keep down!

And the Germans might have taken this
city,
(Which would have indeed been a pity!)
Had not American troops at the point of all
points where
They (Germans) had hoped to surge
through there,
Stood them off; stood bombardment by gas
and shell;
Each savage attack; and in answer never
did soldiers fight so well!
And so scientifically protected themselves
from the gas that practically all
thrown
(By Germans) was wasted! American
troops more than held their own!
Theirs was the victory! Oh! on land or in
the air,
Who can with they who saved Chalons
compare?
They who faltered not in carrying out the
resolve they made when they said,
"Resister Sur Place, (Stick here until we
are dead)."

SONG OF THE ALLIES TO AMERICA

America, we looked to thee
To help us in our war for Liberty,
For Liberty and Right
Against Wrong and Lustful Might.
And you to your ideals of Right proved true
And sent your Red, White and Blue
To join our allied colors Over Here,
And your dear soldiers to join our soldiers
dear,
To fight with them at Justice's Post,
Just when they needed you most.

(Refrain)

Just when we needed you most of all,
Just when o'er us there hung a pall,
You answered our clear, our poignant call;
Just when we needed you most.
Just when we needed you most of all,
Just when Might's hand hardest would fall,
You sent your soldiers to fight and fall;
Just when we needed you most.
Just when most of all we needed you,
You proved loyal and brave and true,
You honored your Red, White and Blue;
Just when we needed you most.

America, land of the free! Land of the free!
In our future dealings with thee,
May we ever move rightly and be just,
May we ever prove worthy of your trust.
America, we would give you your due meed
of praise—
You who did the world amaze
With your large, trained army in so short a
time—
For joining in our fight against wholesale
crime.
For just when we needed you most
Coming to aid our cause that seemed lost.

FAITH

I sat by my window at dawn
And watched the rising sun
Make beautiful the morn,
The far horizon.

Through the night, vigil I had kept,
For I had bade my mate good-bye
The day before. . . . He sailed for
France. I wept.
I wept in his arms, too. Why?

Because he had told me he'd think
The woman hard-hearted who'd not cry
When standing at the parting-brink
She to her mate said good-bye.

So I gave him the pleasure
Of kissing my tears away,
Of seeing, and feeling, the full measure
Of my love that day.

He did not doubt my will to be brave,
To smile if smiles he'd wanted that day;
He wished to see I'd feel bereft and crave
His presence my fears to allay.

The night's vigil taught me
What I had felt I knew before,
That God would watch o'er the sea
While my mate journeyed to another shore.

So more fully I gave my mate into His care,
And knew if he were drowned at sea
Or killed in battle 'twould not be for lack of prayer,
But His will for my mate and me.

I heard the first morning song bird
  Calling to his mate—
She, understanding his every word,
  Came to him, and close by his side sate.

Seeing the love-birds together,
  Made me want my mate;
Who now, in fair or stormy weather,
  Is fighting in France, while, protected,
    here I wait.

I heard my mate calling me
  To come to him in dreams and strengthen
His spirit, and so I will to be
  There by his side, always as the days
    lengthen,

I know I strengthen my mate.
  I hold him in my arms.
He knows I'll always for him wait,
  And feels—though far from me—my love
    warms.

I'll for him wait, yes, for him wait,
  Even till the judgment day;
When we'll learn who was master of his fate
  When he was "called" away.

When he was called away to France,
To fight for Liberty and Right,
And glad, too, to have the chance
To help rout the beasts of Might.

The beasts of Might who prey
On innocence and happiness in the Near East,
Who, it is true, one master obey
But not the True One; God; but the Beast.

I'm glad I sent my mate against them:
He is helping their Might
And wickedness to stem;
He is doing his all in this great fight.

And I willed he should,
He did not have to go;
But he wanted to, and I, too, wanted to do good,
So sent him Over There my goodness to show.

Oh, my mate, my beautiful mate,
You may not, in the flesh, come
To me again, but you'll wait
In Heaven for me, till I, too, go Home!

TO FIDO, A RED CROSS DOG.

They told me a learned hand
Had kept me from crossing the Border Land;
So I was thinking of Paradise,
But I was looking in Fido's eyes.

Someone called him a cur,
My eyes with tears began to blur;
The word cut my heart like a knife,
A cur! He who really saved my life!

Fido whimpered, and painfully crawled closer to my bed's side,
And I put forth a weak, trembling hand, in pride,
And patted him on his noble head.
They have denied you a soul, dog dear, I said.

You had deeper eyes of love for seeing,
I said, and you've been braver than the human being
Who called you a cur and denied you a soul,
You, who to save me gave all your strength in toll.

Let those who call you a cur beware!
You, who brought me here to a doctor's care!
Oh, the brave devoted soul of you, I said,
And knew an old, old belief of mine had fled.

Fido, being too severely wounded, by a Boche, died, and was put in his grave,
And now there is nothing in the world, aside from winning the war, I so crave
As to have all others know
What in these verses I've tried to show.

A NEGRO SPEAKS

Oh, Liberty, fair Liberty,
Thy dear, sweet voice didst call to me!
It called to me from far away
For aid in the great fight today.
And though I (once) came from Africa's shore,
I answered the call of the goddess I adore,
For Liberty was bought for me—
Was bought for me with blood, was Liberty.
And glad am I at last to show
How grateful I am for the great blow
That broke my chains of slavery
And gave me that dearer than life—Liberty.

I've got "my" Boche, and more beside,
But I'm not puffed up with pride—
Though I wear the Croix de Guerre.
For what's killing a few of the animal-men
called the Hun
And making, in terror, run
A score? I would it were more,
To help square my debt to the noble dead,
Who for me bled
In America's civil war—for my liberty:
For Liberty, fair Liberty,
And for the Right;
And for these I, too, do fight.

TO THE BACHELOR-WOMAN AFRAID TO MARRY

Running-from-life-woman, you know for
what you were made,
And you are of the best life can give afraid!
Oh! take your head from out the (figura-
tive) sand
Where you hide your (cowardly) fear, and
Open wide your clear, bright eyes
That need more life-knowledge to make
them really wise;

Take your fingers from your want-to-be-
deaf ears
And let them hear what the wise woman
hears,
Take your courage in both hands—so tender
To caress—and to your Maker render
Thanks for the strong body He to you has
given
To help Him people the world war riven.

Once you have done this you will go
On your way rejoicing; you will show,
Dear (once) running-from-life-woman, that
you have become brave—
You will marry and give to your nation the
sons it doth crave;
Then a new name you will forever have:
Running-to-meet-life-woman your name
will be,
And it will be a name honored by three
Wise men—greatest scold, greatest critic,
greatest author,
And by all who have mocked you before,
And you will be glad—and more glad still—
That you have performed your Maker's Will.

LIFE

In the Land of the Lillies two lovers are
standing,
By those flowers fair their future are plan-
ning;
And joy fills the hours that seem to be flying,
While their future looks as fair as the flow-
ers that one with another seem to be
vying.
From another land to "Balmy Bermuda"
they had come sailing,
From its cold storms that harmed him while
they went wailing,
That there his health he would regain they
sailed hoping;
They had not hoped in vain—time is
proving.
Soon he will be well and good-bye to the
Lillies they will be saying,
And for a safe life-voyage together will be
praying.

Their mothers sailed with them, happy in
their children's joy—never sighing;
One Loves her girl, the other her boy—with
Love undying;

And the two Loves into one are merging,
While they feel their life-work has been well
done, as billows are surging.
They cannot see the black cloud over them
all lowering—
Ready to burst and with might let fall its
gathering.
Of their widowed homes and country they
are thinking;
Little child-forms in those homes they see—
content fills the cup they are drinking,
While for their children patiently they are
waiting
On board the yacht that, too, is but waiting

Not far away now is the black cloud that
for the Lovers will have no silver
lining,
Overcast with war's baleful power is the
future for which they are pining.
But on board the yacht they are made one,
"never knowing";
And after the knot's tying, all ceremony
done, blushes showing,
Their mothers leave them, their happiness
to be completing,
And plan to return home, old scenes to be
greeting;

After the bride and groom sail away—to
touch no shore for sight-seeing—
Where neither mails nor rumors of war can
go fleeing.
One another is the only sight for which they
are caring—
Love the best food upon which they are
faring.

War outstretches its greedy hand, upon
their returning,
And gathers him in to fight for his land—for
it he is yearning.
Wounded before long he is and word is sent
by cable homing
That ere Heaven becomes his tent there's
time for his bride's coming.
See her by the death-bed kneeling!
Oh, the heart-break she is feeling!
The sword of death about to fall she is
seeing,
And o'er her vision there comes a pall—clear
mind is fleeing,
As from out the depths of her agony so great
her cry goes ringing:
She cries to her dearest for her to wait—he
hears her singing.

She (the bride) Sings:—

Come with me, my love, where the lillies are
blooming;
Come with me, my dove, where they the air
are perfuming.
Come with me, my love, where we did our
day dreaming;
Come with me, my dove, where love was
more than seeming.
Come with me, my love, oh, rouse from your
sleeping,
Come with me, my dove, there still my
weeping;
There where the lillies are blooming.

One said to her: The scenes of life are ever
changing,
From hope to joy, from happiness to sorrow
ever ranging;
And not for one alone, but for all in the
world,
So be brave and conquer self. But she
hurled
Her form upon the dear, dead breast,
Seeking there for peace and rest,
Unheeding the preacher's voice so calm,
Aching for heart's ease, for balm.

Again she sings:—

Oh, I'll go with you, my love, where fairer
flowers are blooming;
I'll go with you, my dove, where they
Heaven are perfuming.
I'll go with you, my love, there to eternal
dreaming;
I'll go with you, my dove, there love will be
more than seeming.
I'll go with you my love, where you go
sleeping;
I'll go with you, my dove, there you will still
my weeping;
There where fairest flowers are blooming.

Does she die? No! She is too grandly
strong:
This is well; for to die would be mournfully
wrong.
And what is this she thrillingly sees,
As breaths of lesser agony she breathes!
A vision of living for the cause, for right and
home,
To live for her (and her country's needed)
son to come!
And with his birth (to his country) she
gives him up,
Saying: now I prefer to drink that cup.

She sings:—

I'll live for you, my son so dear, don't be fearing!
I'll live till my life-work is done, precious dear, don't be fearing!
I'l live to help in the strong cause of justice and love, that needs our fighting
Against Injustice and Hatred, all wrong, my little dove; and wrong we must be righting!
I'll live to breathe in your ears two a fond, fond tale—Oh, how I will love the telling.
Of the bravery of your hero-dad, who died before hearing your wail, who loved his country with heart swelling
To fight for her; and for you and me, dear son,—oh, how his soul I'm loving!—
Who died for her and you and me, dear one, —oh, how three I'm loving!—
Your country and mine, your hero-dad (above) and you dear, and I'm no longer free to be grieving;
For there's work for me to do, dear, for the three in me believing.. . .
And when my life-work is over, in Heaven on his breast I'll be sleeping;
And there, oh, there! with my lover, I'll find rest—and there there'll be no weeping!

TO A FLOWER

For jewels men steal, fight and die—
For flashing jewels—and women cry,
And set the men on to further quest,
And themselves sometimes crime commit—
lest
They lose that within their grasp.

But give me a flower, a pretty flower,
A lovely, a beautiful flower;
A flower bright to fondle and hold,
A flower of light—of dear old
Mother Earth a soul—a flower sweet
To tend and nourish and greet.

Then not jewels nor gold
Nor wealth untold,
For which men steal, fight and die,
Which make women cruel and lie,
Can make me give a longing gasp.

WE PRAY

For our soldiers fighting Over There,
Every Christian here sends to our God a daily prayer;
That He will help them ever—
Guide their sight and hand aright, and never
Forget them, alive or dead.

For our allied soldiers we make the same prayer,
They alike we commend to God's loving care.
And for every loyal server of our country, dear,
And theirs, we also pray, every day; and fear
Is conquered by faith in its stead.

WHY?

There are babies who have died
Who might have lived for their country's need.
By work their mother's hands were tied
But money paid—oh, yes, indeed!—
To other women to care for these little ones
Who were careless and let the babies die.
Neglect caused their deaths! How that fact stuns! . . .
Why allow this neglect to go on? Why?

I ask my question of those whose influence counts.
I ask it with tears and a breaking heart,
While high indignation mounts.
Oh, you who can, do your part!
And save other babies, little babies, dear and sweet;
Dear to their mothers even if these mothers are unmarried.
(It must not matter to you that the fathers never tarried.)

These mothers love their babies dearly; they arise and greet
Each new-born day the easier because of a little one;
And if it dies, sometimes the mother's innate goodness dies
And she cannot then be helped nor won—
Back . . . however hard to help her one tries.

Dear to their mothers have I said
These babies were—and what of their country shall I say?
Their country loved these dead;
Perhaps it may greatly need them one day.
Oh, you who have influence, I know
You love your country! Then help babies to live!
Help unmarried mothers, too; strive them to show
They have a place here, a right to give!

FIVE WORDS

There are five words that are wonderful
words indeed,
Five wonderful words of which we all have
need;
They higher than the tallest building tower,
They are Truth, Beauty, Virtue, Reason,
Power;
Words that tell the greatest story,
Words that picture greatest glory,
Are these five words dear, sublime,—
Words that shall outlast all time.

Men of a long by-gone yesterday
Who walked carefully along life's way,
Steadfast men who had not the higher
education
That their descendant-men have today in
our nation,
Understood these words better than their
descendants do today. . . .
Should we not study to understand them
fully as we walk life's way?

Walk? No! We don't walk! Why, we
fairly run!
Or we would (before our lives are half done)
Understand perfectly, while yet 'neath
Heaven's bower,
The sublime words—Truth, Beauty, Virtue,
Reason, Power.

A MOTHER'S APPEAL

My daughter has left me—to go forth alone
Out in the world that's as cold as a stone,
To innocence combined with ignorance such
as hers;
She will find, I fear, many stinging burrs
While wresting the meat from her chestnut
of hope.
I fear she may "hang herself with her own
rope";
Any daughter may who thinks the world a
better place
Than her mother's home, where is her
mother's face
Looking, ever looking for her return home.

I mean not the daughter who out in the
world has her career,
Though she to her mother is equally dear.
I mean the daughter whose rightful place
Is with her mother and her mother's race,
Whose mother needs her, but who most
needs her mother,
Needs her as she needs no earthly other,
Whose mother would have given her
consent
To a right-going, but not to the going to
give vent
To anger and to spite.
Oh! may such a daughter see aright
Soon after going is my prayer!
And always will be till I die and go There.

(To My Daughter)

Oh, woe the day I at dawn awoke
To find you gone! If the words I spoke
In chiding you the night before—in anger,
I know,—
Drove you away, won't you return and to
you let me show
How repentant I am,—How I love you,
who are of me a part;
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, heart
of my heart!

Of a perfect union a flower,
That I bore in a travailing hour,—
"Little knowing" a more agonizing time
could come,
I know (it could) now you are gone. . . .
Oh, return!
Return to the mother for whom your heart
does burn;
Return to my yearning breast,
Oh, return, precious one, and rest!
Return ere it be too late!
For you, dear, I can wait
But a short while; for the heroic smile
I wear that tells my world, in pride,
That I let you go from my yearning side
Will not last—cannot, my dear,
As it hides a broken heart that within a
year
May beat its last. Oh, daughter,—come
home!

A DAUGHTER'S WAIL

One day in June you died, mother,
God, whom you loved, set your spirit free;
One day in June you died, mother,
And now I am praying God will take me.

You left me not alone, my mother,
To struggle with life and its pain;
You left me not alone, my mother,
Others strive to help me, but almost in vain.

Other help than a loving mother's,
Is not the help that's so dear;
Other help than a loving mother's,
One accepts; but oh, you were peer!

I've the love of sisters and of a brother,
It helps, but cannot make up for thine;
I've the love of a husband and son, dear mother,
It helps; but thou art gone, oh mother mine.

Oh, why did you leave me, mother,
I need you so; you could soothe my pain!
Oh, why did you leave me, mother,
I want to feel your dear hand once again!

Mother! the sympathy of others—
One sometimes feels its want, dear;
Mother! the sympathy of others
Cannot stay the falling tear.

The tears I have shed for you, mother,
  Would make salt a fresh lake;
The tears I have shed for you, mother,
  Should attract God's pity for your dear
    sake.

Oh, may He soon be merciful,
  And call me Home,—He the Greet Seer—
Oh, may He soon be merciful,
  He can see I'll not be needed here.
* * * * * *
On the day in June you died, mother,
  God knew the light of the world went
    out for me;
On the day in June you died, mother,
  He did almost let your poor child follow
    thee.

And He would have quite but He knew
  That your child would be needed here;
And He would have quite but He knew—
  Oh, of all seers, He is indeed the Greatest
    Seer!

So I must be content, dear mother,
  And wait God's time to fulfill;
So I must be content, dear mother,
  And submit my rebellious heart to His
    will.

For He knows what is best, dear mother,
And in His own good time will take me
Home, to rest;
For He knows what is best, dear mother,
And when I'm good enough will let me
be folded again on your breast.

RESCUED

I struggled long in the waves of an unhappy
sea,
They buffeted me about, and all but
drowned me. . . .
Called to me Voices, from the Unknown,
Saying: come and hold as your own
Your acre in the land of happiness; for thee
'twas made,
So be not afraid, be not afraid.
But I struggled on, ever falling,
Hearing the voices, ever calling:
The quicksands at last before me—'neath
my feet . . .
Oh, I answered the voices, 'twould be so
sweet

To reach your land of happiness, to sing with the lark;
Here it is so cold, so drear, so dark!
But how can I reach the firm, dry ground?
Much time passed and even the cycle of years went round.
No clear answer to my question came;
One foot was in the quicksands,—I was ready to blame
Anyone but myself—, I could not release it, alone.
Suddenly a great light shone!
A poignantly sweet voice said: I will guide you to your own.

I looked up. Who did I see, you ask..
I will at once the mystery unmask:
I saw Jesus crucified!
I felt Him take me by the hand
And lead me to the happy land.
With His help, you see, my foot easily left the quicksands,
And if I obey His clear commands,
It will never get caught again;
I'll strive to obey Him, for I dearly love Him who all that pain
Suffered for me on His Cross.

Oh, how I love Him who can away roll
All unhappy clouds from the vision of the soul!
And lead everyone who takes Him for a guide
To Paradise, by His dear side.
Oh, 'tis so sweet to kneel at Jesus' feet!
I knelt and thanked God for sending to me, in love,
His beloved and only Son, who will always reign above
With His Father, in Heaven,
My sins to leaven.

THE BIRTH OF A SOUL

As the sun was rising red in the east
And most all the world was still in slumber,
A robin sat on an ice-bound fence
And sang a song to his Maker.

He sang a song of thanks for the spring so near,
And one for the spring that had gone;
For all the joys in memory dear,
And those of the days to come.

He flew away—and the ice-bound fence
Knew him (nor was itself known) no more that spring—
Then in the fast approaching day
I, too, to my Maker did sing.

I sang a psalm of thanks for the gift of a soul, new-born,
I thanked Him for keeping me through the sick years so long,
For the joys of the life I once had known and hoped again to know,
For a heart really awake to feel the joy in a robin's song.

I SHALL BE YOUNG AGAIN

To my heart comes a pain,
When I hear once again,
The old songs ringing,
By sweet voices singing,
That I sang when I was young.

When I was young and gay,
With old friends at play,
No thought of sorrow—
Of the sad, sad tomorrow—
Came to mar my joy.

Oh, I knew not, in the old days,
There was a future all amaze
With trouble and care for me, my boy;
No, in the old days there was joy without
alloy:
Then I knew not trouble walked unhung.

There was no thought of sadness,
To mar my gladness,
When I was young and free—
As any blossom on any tree—
When I knew not my knell had rung.
* * * * * * * *
But the (mental) pain does not stay;
Comes Will to conquer, and away
Goes all sadness and sorrow:
I wait for the glad tomorrow
When I shall again (in Heaven) be young.

In Heaven my spirit will again be free—
As any blossom on any tree;
I shall walk (who walk not here)
On streets of gold, and no wolf—were
Of pain shall walk by my side.

For in Heaven there is no wolf of pain,
To gnaw; there is no struggle, no strain;
There is no sorrow:
There is always a glad tomorrow,
In Heaven gladness will indeed with me
abide.

In Heaven gladness will with me abide,
In the great, eternal eventide;
There Jesus will meet me,
And with kindness will greet me,
And all my earth-pain will leaven.
For He died to save me,
Yes, He died to save me;
And upon the Cross purged my sin,
That I might sometime Heaven win:
(Oh what joy to live with Him in Heaven!)

And in Heaven loved ones gone before
Will welcome me at the Great Door;
Will welcome me with shouts of joy:
With hymns that thrill indeed, my boy,
Angels will sing me to sleep.

They will let me sleep on my mother's
breast,
They will let me rest—rest—rest,
And strength to my limbs restore:
Mother and I shall never be parted more,
And I never again shall weep.

CHRIST SAVED MY SOUL

I sold my soul for gold,
Quite sometime ago;
  A bargain, I thought the selling then.
Now the things I bought are old,
And worn; and, oh, woe!
  I wish for my soul back again.

But it can never come back to me,
I fear, though I do not know;
  They tell me there is one
Who atoned for all sin on a tree,
The tree of crucifixion, long ago;
  A dearly beloved Son.

But is it true? Can I believe?
Great joy it would be
To believe that I could be made whole!
Can it be for me a Christ doth grieve?—
For me bore a cross upon a tree,
  To save my soul?

Perhaps, I cannot really tell,
I didn't know, some time ago, I had a soul;

It must have been asleep.
Perhaps I know it now because sorrow has
come to dwell
With me, and remorse of my heart has taken
toll;
And my eyes know how to weep.

If I didn't know I had a soul some time ago,
Perhaps, oh, perhaps! I didn't really sell
It, then, and can be made whole!
Perhaps—no! there is a Christ! Oh joy! I
know!
In my heart the glad tidings rings, like a
bell:
He saved my soul!

Christ, the dearly beloved, saved my soul;
It was for a sinner like me
He bled and died.
He, the dear Saviour, can make me whole,
Because on the tree
He was crucified.

PART TWO

of

LOVE, FAITH AND APPRECIATION

Dedicated to my son whose belief and
interest in my work has helped me
wonderfully though he is but eleven

BOYISH PATRIOTISM

My Red, White and Blue! How I love you!
Naught shall ever be held above you!
I'm waiting till I'm old enough to fight for you,
Waiting till I'm old enough to even die for you!
Long may you wave o'er my land so true,
My dearly beloved Red, White and Blue!

I do know why I love you!
Dear flag of Red, White and Blue!
It's because my great forefathers left you to me
To wave o'er the land they, with their blood made so free.
And because they so bravely fought and died for you in the great and glorious past,
I'll fight, perhaps die, for you if till I'm big enough the present war should last.

TO MY SON AND OTHER WOMEN'S SONS

My son, I hear the sea, the sea!
Calling; calling to you, to me!
It says come to my shore
And rest; rest as in days of yore.

It says let your ideas soar high as my waves,
And if they go down as one my sea-side laves,
Up with them again. Don't be discouraged.
You'll meet ups and downs in life;
But be courageous, be prepared, and ever look up in life's strife.

It says bring the autobiographies of self-made men
And study them by my side—and then
Read the broken lives about you and see wherein their owner's failed;
But most read your Bible—let your faith to that be nailed.

It says in the lives of the greatest men self-made
God was the Captain, Jesus the Pilot; so they were of life not afraid;

They learned of Captain and Pilot that by
service to others,
And use of the golden rule, they could make
all men their brothers.

And you want all men your brothers to be,
my son; sing
Of the brotherhood of man! Let the song
ring
In your heart and mind forever! For 'tis a
great thing, my son,
To feel you're to all men a brother, and that
one day you'll hear God say well
done!

And you will hear Him say well done
If you keep heart and mind pure, my son,
If you give true service to others
And treat all men as loved brothers.

Jesus said: "Let him who would be greatest
among you also serve." (Never forget this,
my son.)

TO A BROOKLET

Dear, sparkling brooklet of my childhood,
Daughter of the deep, black brook
In the heart of the silent wood,
Where I from school played truant one well-
remembered day,
Oh, brooket, I want a long, long look
At you before I go away!

Well I remember the feel between my bare
toes of your water gurgling,
And the feel of your smooth stones—of some
a bridge I made,
Truly I was stealing—burg'ling!
How often have I thought of the tree-tops
above you meeting.
How often of their welcome shade!
Oh, to again give you greeting!

I used to run fast to you, brooklet, I was
for you so eager!
But did I love you then in the way
I love you now when my life is of even
simple pleasures so meager?

Is it not the care and sorrow in the years of
separation from you, brooklet so dear,
That makes me know I really love you
today?—
That makes me want you here?

Yes, I would you were here, brooklet, at
my door!
I want to see you so—on you my fill to look.
I want to feel your clear, loved water once
more;
I want to handle your clean, clean stones,
your babbling I want to hear,
I want to do as I used to do—throw one of
your stones in that deep, black brook
Of which I always had a hidden fear.

One drowned in that brook—a boy. He
was skating
On the thin ice o'er the springy part. . . .
And after that I felt it was for me, too,
waiting. . . .
Now that I'm old I think of your mother-
brook as something sinister,
And it really hurts my heart
That it's related to you, brooklet so dear.

I can't love that brook (your mother). I
know that when I used on it to try to
skate
In a way I was as eager to as were the other
children,
But I had on me, always, a fearing-fit and
would wait
To let them go first o'er the springy part;
then was bound with them to do and
dare. . . .
I've wondered since if it would have been
better had I drowned then—
When I knew not sorrow nor care.

I wouldn't mention that wonder if I didn't
know well,
That many a one has had a related wonder;
And I say to each one No! and I want this
"No!" to ring clear as a bell,
It would not have been better; for we each
have a mission here.
If you who read haven't yet found yours,
you will—even after many a blunder.
I feel I have found mine, brooklet so dear.

I think my mission is to send out heart-
songs to those who wait to receive
them; knowing

That even if they're sad songs they will
help (that they may not I've no fear),
In their lives the sad songs make the great-
est showing.

And those waiting ones, brooklet, may know
more of woe than of weal,
Though you don't know it; you don't know
anything—but you are so dear,
And, oh, how you make me feel!

A MIGHTY ARMY (1918)

Most loyal to their Uncle Sam
(And for his enemies not caring a flim-
flam!),
There are on this our Children's Day
About eighteen million children strong,
Who have been taught that as they work
and as they play
They must uphold truth and righteousness
against wrong;
They must keep themselves pure—not let
sin engross,
And live on a wheatless, meatless ration,
As they go marching under the flag of the
cross
Of their Sunday School and of their nation.

TO CHILDREN

That wrath can be turned away
By a soft answer has been proved,
So when your parents are angry with you, children,
If you speak gently to them, they will be moved
To treat you more kindly, day by day,
Than if you had given a rough, angry answer when
They asked of you an angry question
About something you had left undone and forgot to mention.

To keep your temper, children,
I know it is hard, but the end will prove, dears,
So much better for you than if you had lost it;
For if you answer an angry question angrily, then
Your angry parents will answer more angrily still, dears,
And the matter may end in a whipping for you and a bit

Of the fault will be yours. I know every
child fears
A whipping (and rightly), so I have given
one way to avoid it.

GEORGE MAKES BELIEVE

I make believe I'm a soldier,
Fighting the Hun!
Wish a Hun could feel one of my blows,
He wouldn't think it fun.

I make believe I'm an aviator,
Soaring above Berlin!
Wish the Kaiser could feel my bomb—
He'd soon answer for his sin.

I make believe I'm a submarine commander,
Out the sea-pirate subs to chase!
I capture one or two? Well I guess!
It's a great race!

I make believe I'm a marine—
I go Over the Top!
I make the Boches flee
And fall, too,—Kerflop!

I make believe I'm rich—
I feed all the poor in France!
I give the poor kids such a good time
They all want to dance!

I believe the last make believe
Is the best one of all—don't you?
I believe we're going to win the war!
Hurrah for our Red, White and Blue!

MOTHER'S ROCKING CHAIR

Where does it rest today,
The chair she left when she passed away?
Where is the chair that is so dear
Because it was hers—among mothers a peer?

Does it rest in the same old spot
She kept it on near the old "what not?"
Or by careless hands has it been removed
To a strange room, among friends unproved?

Where is the dear old chair,
That rocked trouble and care
And sorrow away,—while on mother's breast
I leaned for comfort and rest?

Oh, tell me, tell me now!
That I may seek it and tell it how
I love it because it is hers! Where?
Oh, where is that dear old chair?
* * * * * * * *

I found it at last;
Another knew its past,
And, with tender care,
Had placed the dear old chair.

But it was in a room too strange,
And felt beyond its range,—
In a grand reception room,
Where priceless orchids bloom!

So, after a long, long look,
With loving hands I took
It up, and carried it away
To my kitchen bright, one day.

There it felt at home again,
And seemed to me to say—Pain,
Nor sorrow, nor any care,
Can be so bad while you've her dear chair.

So I knelt and said a prayer,
By that loved, armless chair. . . .
And mother's spirit hovered near me,
And I felt—good, you know, and free.

Free from Life's fitful fever!
Free for Time, the weaver,
To make of my life something good!
I felt God my prayer had understood.

For my Mother There near the Throne
Had interpreted for her own,
And I felt God would be lenient with her child—
That His Judgment would be mild.

Oh, my son, cherish that chair!
She was your mother, too. Prayer
For you she made, as in it she rocked you to sleep
In your baby days whene'er you did weep.

Never paint that chair nor its scars
Seek to hide; for each scar, though it mars
Tells a story to those who understand!
Love that chair! and feel laid on you Mother's loving (spirit) hand.

Keep it in a kitchen bright,
Near a "what-not"—and near a window, light;
And near a stove in winter-time—
A little removed when summer changes the clime.

Keep it neat and keep it clean,
Its sacredness never demean.
Keep it in your home and heart,
From that chair never part.

You will find as you grow older,
Even, yes, as you grow bolder,
That Mother's chair possesses charm
That is magic to help keep you from harm.

For as you look upon it, you will see
All the goodness of her life rise up before thee;
And you'll know she looks from Heaven upon you, my dear,
And you'll want her to be proud of you, my dear.

And out in the world you will go,
And to all who love you you will show
The stuff of which you are made, dear,
The best that is in you, "indade," dear.

Then keep, oh keep, that dear old chair!
By it kneel to say your evening prayer,
And think of Mother (grandma to you) and think of me;
And keep, oh keep, your spirit free!

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